

312-1 1-20

Wm. H. JACKSON & Co
860 Broadway Union St. & 9th St.

Wrought

Wrought Metal Work IN BRASS & IRON,
FOR INTERIORS, OPEN

WORK FIREPLACES, ETC.
Our Own Foundries and Shops.

Tenn. They will call at various places on the way including the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The party was in charge of Alexander Eadie, of New York, and the Rev. Thornton B. Penfield, of Brooklyn. Most of those who made the journey were New-York women.

◆

MURDER IN LITTLE ITALY.

POLICE HAVE TO CLUE THEIR WAY TO THE VICTIM AND NOW CANNOT FIND HIS SLAYER.

Rafaelio Mendocello, the proprietor of a fruit stand at No. 445 East One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st, was shot dead yesterday afternoon at his stand by an unknown Italian, who escaped.

The scene of the shooting is in the heart of Little Italy. The street was crowded with Italians when the unknown Italian appeared in company with Giovanni Cristiane, of No. 432 East One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st. The unknown man was about twenty-five years old. He wore a white linen cap with an American flag on it, a light suit and a sash. Giovanni Cristiane, who was talking to a crowd of "Christies" when, as they get opposed to Mendocello, who was sitting in front of his stall, the unknown man turned and spoke to him.

Mendocello snarled back angrily, and a quarrel was on in a few seconds. A crowd gathered about and Mendocello drew a revolver and fired twice at the unknown man, who drew a pistol at the same time and also fired twice. The unknowns shot were both effective, one striking Mendocello in the right lung and the other in the right leg. Mendocello fell dead. One of his bullets had gone into and how it missed striking some one in the crowd is a mystery. The other bullet hit Christine in the hand.

Immediately after the shots had been fired the

men's day took place. The crowd increased until there were 100,000 men, women and children. The crowd was so dense that the man who shot the woman was trying to get to the spot where the man had been killed. They pushed and fought with one another in the hot sunlight until many fainted, children became terrorized and men pushed on without paying any attention to their own safety. The man who shot the woman was pushed to the spot where the man had been murdered. Some one rushed into the East One-hundred-and-fourth-st. police station and told Sergeant Magen of the trouble. He ordered out fifty recruits and Captain Cronin took charge of them. The

got to the corner of First- and
thirteenth-st., where they met the mob of e
nted people. Captain Gordon and the fifty
charged three times without making an inch
headway. Then they drew their clubs, but the
did not intimidate the mob until they were p
into actual use. The police at last dashed thro
the thick crowd of Italians, who were yelling a
curses, the police and one another, clubbing rig
and left until they at last got to the dead ma
who still lay on the sidewalk with Cristane bes
him. The latter was at once arrested.

The body of the murdered man was sent to t

police station and Captain Freedon. Detective Weber and the fifty policemen began a search of the block for the murderer. Not an Italian in the neighborhood would give the slightest information to the people in Cristane's own house swearing that they did not know him. The police were baffled and they had to retire after two hours' search. Cases go in Little Italy, the murderer is not likely to be caught.

Just before midnight last night the detective said they had learned that the murderer's name was Michael Curcio, of No. 11 East One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Street. He was arrested leaving

and-threes, but heard the opposite, losing trace. He is described as twenty-seven years of age, 150 pounds weight, five feet nine inches tall, still with a sandy complexion, sunken cheeks and a scar on his chin.

DIVORCED WOMAN KILLS HERSELF.
HAD THREATENED TO DO SO SINCE HER HUSBAND, A BROOKLYN DOCTOR, OBTAINED HIS DECREE.

Mrs. Grace Topham, forty-four years old, from whom her husband, Dr. Topham, a Brooklyn physician, of No. 24 Schermerhorn-st., obtained a divorce about a year ago, committed suicide yesterday morning at the home of the Misses Adams, with whom she had been living, at No. 211 West Fort-eighth-st. About 11:20 o'clock yesterday morning Miss May Adams heard the sound of a pistol in Mrs. Topham's room, and going up found her lying on the floor, apparently dead, with a bullet through the head.

across her bed. She had shot herself through the head with a revolver. Dr. L. Safford Gillespie, a woman physician, living at No. 214 West Forty-eighth-st., was summoned, but Mrs. Topham was dead when she arrived.

Mrs. Topham had been threatening suicide since the divorce, and had frequently said that the only reason why she did not kill herself was that her mother was living, and her suicide would cause her mother's death. About three weeks ago the mother died. Afterward Mrs. Topham, it is said, drank

heavily. She gave no warning before shooting herself and did not leave any letters. She had been living quietly at the house of the Misses Adams, who are her relatives, and had received no callers. The woman's former husband has been informed of her suicide, but it was not known last night whether he would take any action as to her death or not. The Adams family refused all information about the case.

"Of course, the question of what to do with the prisoners is sure to arise, and with further campaigning here it is necessary it will probably develop into a serious problem."

had a large number of prisoners to look after. That did not worry us, as long as we were not moving, but one day we had to make a forced march. The country through which we were passing was hostile, and extreme watchfulness was necessary. We had few enough men as it was, and we knew that those prisoners were ready to make a dead run at the first opening.

"Finally a young officer made a brilliant suggestion, and it was promptly carried out. We ripped the suspender buttons from the prisoners' trousers

took away their belts and axes and fastened their hands were busy after rain and the lightning was out of the question. We made the man safely and I do not believe that even Yankee ingenuity could have invented a simpler solution.

day morning which caused a serious fire. The superintendent sent a couple of messages to Stetson's home yesterday, and they were opened by a friend of Mr. Stetson, who lives with him. The friend went to the Postal Building and said he was authorized to open Mr. Stetson's telegrams, but he knew nothing about his business or the cause of the explosion. He understood that Mr. Stetson had gone to Massachusetts, and he did not know how to reach him by telegraph. The Fire Marshal is in charge of the wrecked office.

European Advertisements

EUROPEANS AND TRAVELERS will find the London office of The Tribune, 149 Fleet Street, a convenient place to leave their advertisements and

London.

First Avenue Hotel
High Holborn.
One of the best for real comfort and moderate charges.

Convenient alike for City
Law Courts and West End.
Proprietors.
The Gordon Hotels, Limited